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The Commonweal

September 7, 1951

The Taegu Riots

The first attempt in Korea

THOMAS E. CAMPBELL

The Old Reductio ad Obscenum

Boiling down the literary question

FRANK GETLEIN

The Naked, the Dead and the Novels

WILLIAM PFAFF

Volume LIV **15c** *Number 22*

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"For the Continual Prayer of a just man availeth much"

St. James 5:16

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Exchange of Notes

THE breaking off of the talks at Kaesong on obviously spurious charges may be only a temporary tactical maneuver on the part of the Communists. It has been widely interpreted as an attempt to build up more bargaining leverage for the meeting at San Francisco where the peace treaty with Japan is to be signed. It is not necessarily final. The leaders in the Kremlin may still regard the Korean War as a liability for their side. Yet what cease-fire terms the United States could agree to conceivably would be acceptable to the Chinese and North Koreans?

When the United States was negotiating with the USSR at Potsdam, Teheran and Yalta, Stalin's postwar designs were unknown. The USSR got a lot of what it wanted, but the Russian delegates did make certain concessions from time to time. They did negotiate.

In the interim, however, now that the mask is off, it has become increasingly difficult for them to do so. The tactics of the various Russian delegates to the UN, the stalling at the deputy foreign ministers meeting in Europe last spring and the weeks of fruitless Kaesong talks make it appear that the Communists have somehow become incapable of any real negotiation. Their only talent in the present diplomatic sphere is for bluster and obstruction.

This is the background for the American decision to have the details of the allied peace treaty with defeated Japan agreed on and determined beforehand. The forty-seven nations represented at San Francisco come to sign—or not to sign—terms that have already been ironed out by preliminary consultation. Each delegation, however, is to be given the opportunity to express (in an hour's time) its reactions to the treaty terms.

In refusing this invitation India has expressed one underlying objection. Mr. Nehru asserts that Japanese sovereignty and independence fail to receive due consideration. It is on this basis that he raises most of his specific charges about the peace treaty.

The American reply stresses the fact that the very object of the treaty procedure at San Francisco is to restore Japan to sovereignty and independence. It was to forestall interminable delays similar to those mentioned above that the conclusion of peace was cast in such a form. And the American desire for a strong and independent Japan in the Far East underlies most of the interchange with India on specific treaty terms.

There is a certain logic in the Indian contention that recognition of Japan's restored sovereignty would have been more convincing if certain terms of the peace treaty had been negotiated later—such as the provision enabling the United States to maintain garrisons there. But this logic has to give way before the dangers of a hiatus period, of the interval that would ensue between the conclusion of peace and later negotiations about American bases and the stationing of American troops. Such a delay would mean that for a time Japan would find herself defenseless although within close range of a power that has proved itself an insatiable aggressor.

HERE is the nub of the argument. On the one hand there is the desirability of an independent Japan, fully sovereign; on the other we have the obvious fact that postwar Japan is incapable of defending herself. It is not even necessary to bring forward any questions as to the rights of a defeated aggressor here. Suffice it to say that for a time Japanese independence hangs on American protection.

On other details India's argument is no more convincing. As the United States points out, our control of the Bonin and Ryukyu Islands has been accepted without question for the past five years and more. Besides, India is anything if not inconsistent in calling for the restoration of these islands to Japan while at the same time criticizing the proposed treaty for not specifically recogniz-

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ing Russia's title to the comparable Kuriles Islands.

India's action in this matter is a twofold gesture. It signifies a continued determination not to take sides between the United States and the USSR and it proclaims anew adherence to the slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics." The course it recommends, however, would hardly make for a Japan that would be strong enough to maintain herself and any sort of power balance in the Far East.

Vacations and the Voice

THE dictators knew what they were about when they provided circuses in the form of excursions and resorts for the masses. Mussolini saw recreation under state auspices as a compelling answer for a long-neglected populace. Hitler followed suit with his "Strength through Joy" apparatus. Also for some years workers in Soviet Russia have had awards of vacation trips to government seaside resorts—for piling up enviable production records.

Here in the United States the idea was slow in catching on. With a few notable exceptions, until recently, a paid vacation for industrial workers was not considered part of the normal fruit of their labor—even in union contracts. The question did not arise for any general consideration before the big organizing drives in the 1930's. Sudden vacations without pay, however, had been all too frequent as employment followed the dips and rises in the American business cycle. There were no lay-off benefits.

The garment trades were among the vacation pioneers. The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, for instance, began what is now their massive resort in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania, as early as 1918. Then ten years ago paid vacations were assured in the industry for the many who in the course of a year move from shop to shop, by having their various employers pay vacation allotments into a union fund. This means that a union member working in that trade can afford an annual vacation based on his yearly earnings no matter how many different companies have employed him.

Since the ILGWU has been concerned with the question for so long and has come up with a spectacular answer despite severe obstacles peculiar to the garment industry, their fabulous low-cost Unity House resort in the Poconos is a logical spot for taking Voice of America recordings of the American worker on vacation. The broadcasts that get through should have effect behind the Iron Curtain.

But the Voice of America should also direct much attention to the sort of vacation which American workers who have no union resorts to go to are now taking. So variegated a panorama may appear to lack the punch which the ample facilities for outdoor sports and cultural recreation a union's vacation colony such as Unity House does provide. The elements of worker solidarity and union accomplishment would likewise be less prominent in broadcasts dealing with more unorganized vacations. Take, for instance, a man who spends most of his free-time fishing.

The object would be to point out to other peoples that the American worker has a wide range of choice as to what to do with his free time. Now that vacations with pay for industrial workers are widely accepted in this country, their annual holiday affords chances to visit other parts of our country, to mingle with men and women of other callings at moderate price resorts and in any number of ways to obtain temporary surcease from the rigors of the daily grind. The Voice of America would therefore do well to give an important place to broadcasts of American workers freely vacationing on their own.

No Dominion Status

THE speed with which colonial empires are disintegrating under the impact of native revolt against the West is beautifully illustrated by the course of Indonesia, the former Dutch East Indies. It is less than two years since a treaty between colony and mother country

• NEXT WEEK •

ED WILLOCK writes of the role of the cartoonist in contemporary society.

In connection with Jean Charlot's new book, *Dance of Death,* Mr. Willock says, "The moral satirical cartoon is the revival of an old religious custom which . . . pre-dated the precept that every good man should mind his own business and let predestination take its course. The custom is called fraternal correction . . . it is based upon the reasonable assumption that charity obliges a man to have some concern about the unseemly conduct of his neighbor."

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brought to an end three hundred years of exploitation. The agreement was reached with great difficulty and only with the help of a UN committee on which Americans played a leading role.

By this means a new relationship was set up. The United States of Indonesia was to be a federative state embracing as constituent parts the many islands' various ethnic and geographic groups. The USI was to be an equal partner with Holland in a new Netherlands Union. This set-up, with an undetermined status for New Guinea, was the best the Indonesian nationalists could get right then.

In their first few months in power they forcibly transformed the USI from a federative to a unitary state with its capital at Jakarta. They put down strong local resistance to this change-over by force of arms. The Indonesians blamed this resistance in the Moluccas and elsewhere on former Dutch army men who, they claimed, led the unsuccessful uprisings.

Now in their haste to get rid of any traces of their former white overlords they are pulling out of the Netherlands Union, too. It is only twenty months since the conclusion of their postwar agreement. The Dutch have little choice but to accede, particularly as there has proved to be no real substance to the relationship decreed for the Netherlands Union. The former colony, where per capita income is about the very lowest in this poverty-ridden world, is stepping forward jauntily on its own. It is attacking widespread illiteracy and disease and seeking to change over from a raw-material, colonial-type economy to more diversified production which would make the islands less dependent on costly manufactures from abroad. The tie with Holland is all but severed.

What remains is the opportunity of setting up fruitful economic relationships as between two legal equals. It is to be hoped that bad feelings over New Guinea will not be permitted to scuttle this opportunity. There is something basically sound in a people's desire for independence. Years of exploitation are not easily forgotten. But in their eagerness to assert themselves, former colonial peoples can gravely jeopardize their own future by simply seeking a clean slate. Technical, economic and political skills—which these people should have been acquiring under colonial rule—are still lacking to them. To break completely with men who can transmit these arts of civilization and stability to them is to condemn their compatriots to unrelieved poverty, if not a new enslavement.

Another Federal Surplus

THE Treasury Department has announced that contrary to Administration expectations the fiscal year closed June 30 with a three and a half billion dollar surplus rather than a deficit. It seems that it takes longer for the Government to spend money than it does the rest of us. Snags in the rearmament production line have delayed the spending of sums already specifically appropriated. By next June 30 the slack—and considerably more—will have been taken up. There is no prospect of a cut in taxes now.

The many-ciphered figures released from Washington about sources of revenue reveal a number of things about present habits of the American people; they had to with both state and local taxes. In terms of dollars nearly everything is upward—with general sales, gross receipts, gasoline and personal income taxes prominent. The only noted exceptions were taxes on theater admissions (which were offset several times by revenues from radio and television sets) and on oleomargarine (which have been repealed). Nebraska was the only exception to bigger revenues among the states, perhaps thereby pointing to a continuing decline along the upper Missouri Valley.

The picture as a whole reflects continuing inflation and the feverish economic activity which accompanies a national defense effort. The continuing rise in excise and luxury taxes indicates that Americans go at their leisure as strenuously as they attack their work. We are at the moment experiencing the proverbial advantages and drawbacks of a new boom time.

Midwest Farm Vote

POLLSTERS have been at it long before the big event. They have been trying out such names as Truman, Taft, Vinson, Eisenhower. In a small-scale sampling of public sentiment they found evidence that Justice Vinson would make a better run of it against Senator Taft than President Truman would.

One of the areas crucial for Mr. Truman's reelection comprises the farming states of the Midwest that proved to be the keystone of his stunning victory three years ago. Iowa is a prime example. The Republicans there have been working like beavers—they have only a margin of 28,000 votes to overturn. Republican Senator Hickenlooper won out by a whisker last fall. And a recent poll taken by *Wallace's Farmer* gave Mr. Taft double the votes of Mr. Truman.

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Nine Out of Ten

THE unpredictable Milton Mayer was the one who set off all that "would you sign the Declaration of Independence?" flurry last month. Mayer wrote a long article for *The Progressive* of Madison, Wisconsin about signing the Declaration. The article apparently inspired the Madison *Capital Times* to send two reporters out to the highways and byways to ask ordinary Americans if they would sign the Preamble to the Declaration, the Bill of Rights and the 15th amendment, which forbids denial of the vote to anyone because of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

The *Capital Times* inspired the New York *Post* to do likewise in the big city. And, so shockingly few were the Americans willing to sign these documents, President Truman, in Detroit, used the newspaper findings to blast McCarthyism, which he held responsible for the people's hesitancy.

That, in brief, is the story of the Would You Sign? incident of July, 1951. All kinds of editorialists and columnists had their say. In many discussions the matter was treated as a question of whether, considering the times and the uses to which the Communists put the gentle aspirations of the Stockholm Peace Appeal, an American wouldn't be foolish to sign anything just because some man came up to him on the street and asked him to. That was the usual answer to the charge that the McCarthy mood has swept disasterously across the United States. Father James M. Gillis, the columnist, went so far as to say that "if a representative of the New York *Post,* a notoriously leftist sheet, handed me a copy of Our Father, the Apostle's Creed, or the Ten Commandments, I wouldn't sign it. I would wonder what he had up his sleeve, what he might do with my name on a piece of paper."

Some agreed with Truman that those who refused to sign were affected by the "malicious propaganda" of doubt and confusion. But in all the argument about *should* one sign, almost everyone forgot about the writer and the article which began the whole thing. Milton Mayer was mostly concerned with *would* Americans today sign these documents, knowing what they mean and accepting their premises and all their implications. In his article for *The Progressive* he was not concerned with McCarthyism or any phony-baloney petition-seekers. He was interested in whether people believe in the ideas that America is built on. "Not all who say Lord, Lord . . ." Mayer pointed out. "Not all who sing *God Bless America* will save the Republic."

In all, the reporters for *The Capital Times* and the *Post* asked about 275 persons to sign the documents. Milton Mayer's research went much further. For ten years he has been asking the members of his Great Books classes, all over the United States, if they would sign the Declaration — long before the Stockholm Appeal and years before anyone heard of Joe McCarthy. Mayer supposes that he has put the question to about 8,000 persons. Score, based on his conservative guess: 800 of the 8,000 would sign it in good faith, and of these 800 at least 200 would insist on amending it, usually by toning it down. Remember, Milton Mayer doesn't work for the New York *Post.* He was asking his own students, not casual pedestrians; people who knew what they were being asked and why. He didn't ask them to sign anything. He asked them if they would willingly endorse what the Founding Fathers signed.

Here is what Milton Mayer asked them to endorse:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

First of all, there is the whole question of self-evident truths to be considered. How many noisy defenders of American Democracy are relativists and would qualify that statement by denying that any truths are "self-evident" or that there is really anything that can be called a "truth"?

"All men are created equal." Just what does that mean? Obviously it doesn't mean that all men are born with equal endowments, equal strength, equal talents. The key seems to be in the word 'created.' Note that the word isn't 'born' or 'evolved' or anything but 'created.' And that implies a Creator. Here is reason for a large number to demur. And remember this is among "self-evident truths." How many would hesitate to agree that the equality men share is derived from their dignity as creatures of God?

"All men are created equal." Not just all Americans or all white men, or all Europeans. *All* men. How many in the South would freely sign that? How many in the Cicero mob outside the burning apartment building?

And so on, phrase by phrase. One surely to arouse violent disagreement is that about the Right of the People (not just Americans, any people) to alter or abolish their form of government and to institute a new one. In the abstract, when that doctrine is applied to America, most people will agree. If you start talking about certain existing governments which are destructive of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, you find a certain hesitancy.

It seems too bad that Mayer's basic idea got bogged down in all that McCarthyism-Stockholm Appeal argument. There was too much talk about whether one should sign documents on the street and not enough about whether people would refuse to sign the Declaration, not because they were afraid but simply because they didn't agree with it.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Taegu Riots

One of the U. S. prosecutors tells of the first Soviet-inspired attempt to take over all Korea.

By THOMAS E. CAMPBELL

THE rebellion of 1946 became known to US personnel in Korea as the Taegu Riots but this name is not technically correct. The outbreaks were more than mere riots and they were not confined to Taegu, capital of North Kyongsong province and third largest city in the American zone. They were an attempt to knock out the existing government and set up a Communist regime, and while they began at Taegu they spread to many sections south of the thirty-eighth parallel.

It began with a railway strike. On the night of October 1st, 1946, parties unknown fired on the strikers at the Taegu railway station. No one was injured but early the next morning Chai Mu Hak, a student at the local medical college, stole a cadaver from the college morgue, draped it in a sheet stained with red to resemble blood and had four henchmen bear it on a litter before the assembled student body.

Standing beside this bier Chai Mu Hak made a stirring speech. In part he said, "This is the body of a Korean working man, whom the police shot down like a dog last night when he asked for rice. Why did this man have to ask for rice? Because the Americans have taken our rice away to feed the Japanese. They have brought in candy instead but Koreans cannot live on candy. They must have rice. Why did the police shoot this man? They shot him because they obeyed their American masters. And why did the Americans order him shot? They ordered him shot because they are determined to have killed every Korean with guts enough to demand what is rightfully his own. Can we stand idly by and let this go on? We cannot! We must go to the police and demand that they stop killing Koreans. We must demand that they join us in forcing the Americans to leave Korea. Let us go to the police and make our demands known."

The students were with Chai Mu Hak to a man. Dr. Koh, the president of the college, rushed into the room and tried to restore order but they pushed him rudely aside and followed Chai Mu Hak to the lawn outside the assembly hall. Here, under his direction, they formed a column, and bearing the corpse before them as a mascot, began a march on provincial police headquarters in downtown Taegu. On the way they stopped at the normal school, the agricultural college and all middle schools for reinforcements. Later townspeople affiliated with various leftist organizations joined their ranks. When they reached provincial police headquarters they were 10,000 strong.

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MAJOR JOHN PLEZIA was the only American present when the marchers arrived. He stood his ground fearlessly and through an interpreter demanded that they disperse. They refused to obey, and instead of leaving, disarmed the police on duty and released the prisoners from the adjacent jail. Since it was folly for the Major to attempt to act alone he sent an emergency call for US troops quartered on the outskirts of town.

Ranking American brass failed to act with the precision of Major Plezia that day. Although they got the riot call before 10 A.M., it was afternoon before they dispatched troops to the scene. When the troops finally arrived their officers lacked orders how to proceed. All afternoon the troops stood with fixed bayonets in the streets before the police headquarters compound. It was nightfall before they moved in and forced the rioters to leave.

While the Americans dallied Chai Mu Hak had ample time to carry out his designs. But for all his eloquence he was unable to put over the rebellion in accordance with the plan. The police refused to join the rioters and the rioters, although they had the police weapons, refused to attack the Americans.

But his efforts were not a total loss since his activities focused American attention upon provincial police headquarters and gave other rioters a chance to have a field day elsewhere in Taegu and throughout adjacent North Kyongsong province. It was open season on the police and all other natives who held jobs with US Military Government. Mobs killed them on the streets, stormed police boxes and public offices and rooted them out of their homes and hiding places for slaughter. Flying squadrons of rioters in commandeered vehicles, roamed the countryside and dynamited bridges to isolate the Americans in Taegu.

In their travels they also passed the word on to local leftist leaders that it was time to strike.

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These leaders acted quickly. They collected followers and attacked the police boxes and public offices in their areas. In many localities public officials sensed what was happening and deserted their post of duty before the mob arrived. By midnight the rebels occupied every public building in North Kyongsong province, except the capitol, which they did not attack, and the provincial police headquarters which the Americans had regained.

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WITH the police and the public officials out of the way the rioters set up Communist regimes. Their first acts were to declare a holiday and to confiscate all the saki and other alcoholic beverages in bars and restaurants for distribution to the masses to celebrate the victory. Many Koreans blissfully ignorant of the concepts of both democracy and Communism seized the opportunity to get drunk. While they were intoxicated riot leaders urged them to go on a rampage of looting, arson and rape under the guise of redistributing property in keeping with the Soviet system. To escape their fury law abiding people abandoned their homes and fled to the hills.

With the masses entertained the leaders moved speedily to consolidate their position. In each township they set up "people's courts" in the local police box to try all rightist and public officials who fell into their clutches. The sentences they imposed were death and the means of execution, public stoning. Next morning, when the Americans counter-attacked and drove the rebels from the Talsund gun police station in Taegu, they found adjacent Talsund Park littered with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Similar conditions prevailed throughout the province.

The Americans regained control of Taegu within twenty-four hours but the outbreaks spread and it was thirty days before order was restored in all sections of North Kyongsong and neighboring South Kyongsong, South Cholla and North Chungchong provinces. When the country was reasonably quiet US and Korean agencies rounded up and arrested thousands of the rioters. Most of these US provost courts tried and sentenced to prison. A US Military Commission tried about sixty of the alleged leaders and sentenced forty-odd to hang. I prosecuted twenty-nine before the commission and twenty-four of these the commission sentenced to death.

However, only four, Chai Mu Hak, Kang Dae Chang, Kim Jung Nyun and Lee Jai Hie, were actually leaders. All the rest were bully boys. Most of the natives who directed the rebellion eluded capture and found sanctuary north of the thirty-eighth parallel.

Each of the four, different in age and background, typified those drawn for one reason or another to serve the Communist cause.

CHAI MU HAK was a native of Hwa Hwan, a rural township thirteen miles southwest of Taegu. In his youth the Japanese seized him and sent him to Japan as a forced laborer. There he worked in the Korean underground until the Japanese caught him in an act of sabotage and sent him to Manchuria for more slave labor as punishment. In Manchuria he came under the influence of Chinese Communists. The Chinese were effective teachers and when the Russians entered Manchuria at the close of the war he was ready to do their bidding.

They had a job for him. Although he was already 31 years old they managed to enroll him in the Taegu Medical College in his native Kyongsong Puk-to. Back in the province of his birth he paid scant attention to his studies. He attended class only when it suited his convenience and spent most of his time integrating student organizations into the Soviet machine. He did this job well. Over 90% of the students in Taegu above primary school level marched on the police station at his command. When he was on trial, a Communist cell from every classroom in the city with students over the age of twelve, petitioned the colonel who presided over the commission, for leniency.

By western standards the second leader, Kang Dae Chang, was well educated and by Korean standards he was rich. But he was also an intellectual liberal of the Henry Wallace stamp, who used his wealth and training to publish a left-of-center magazine, *The People's Friend,* which fronted for a number of "reform" organizations. His activities came to the attention of the Russians and they persuaded him to lead the Chinju phase of the rebellion.

On the witness stand, testifying in his own defense, he startled the commission when he announced, "If I am a Communist, President Roosevelt was a Communist too."

Colonel Evers, the President of the Commission, asked him to elaborate and he continued, "I cooperated with the Russians when I believed a sinister power threatened Korea. President Roosevelt did the same thing when he believed another sinister power threatened the United States. The only difference is that with Mr. Roosevelt the sinister power was Nazi Germany while with me it is the United States."

This naive analogy failed to save him. The commission sentenced him to hang.

★

THE third, Kim Jung Nyun, directed the rebellion in Puk Ahn, a township in the back country of North Kyongsong province. He owed the township head a large sum of money. His first act when the outbreak began was to lead a mob to the myuen master's house. When he

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found that the master had fled, he ordered his followers to pillage the place while he destroyed all evidence of his indebtedness. After this, at the head of a band of ruffians, Kim Jung Nyun kept in pursuit of the myuen head. Two days later he found him walking beside an irrigation reservoir in a remote wooded section of a neighboring myuen. He and his gang attacked the fugitive on the spot. They paralyzed him with blows and hurled him while yet conscious into the reservoir to drown.

With the myuen head out of the way Kim Jung Nyun ran Puk Ahn as he pleased. When the Americans finally got around to looking after such a remote place he blandly contended that since the myuen master was dead and the police had fled he took over as a patriotic citizen to preserve order until legitimate government was restored. To establish his good faith he produced credentials to prove that he was the local chief of the largest rightist political party in South Korea.

★

THE fourth, Lee Jai Hie, was second in command at Hwa Hwan. A venerable family head, he was a benign and cultured old gentleman and a scholar of the Chinese classics, which is a greater distinction in Korea than a Ph.D from Harvard in the United States. He was the chief Buddhist layman, the leading Chinese doctor and the most respected citizen of the township. He was not a Communist, but real and fancied American attitudes towards his faith and his profession led him reluctantly to take part in the rebellion.

When United States authorities arrived in Korea in 1945 and began to set up Military Government, they were at a loss to find suitable native personnel. Their only advisors with a working knowledge of Korea were the missionaries, who, when asked, always recommended Christians to fill jobs. So far as getting the work done this system worked fairly well, since many native Christians knew a smattering of English which they had learned in mission schools. But it ruined the Americans in the eyes of educated non-Christian Koreans. They construed this policy as an attempt to force Christianity upon Korea.

Pique from this religious affront was especially acute in townships like Hwa Hwan, where for three generations Buddhists vied with Christians for supremacy. Here the local phase of the revolt was plotted, of all places, in the sacred precincts of the Buddhist temple.

Lee Jai Hie was on firmer ground when he believed that half-baked American policies threatened his income. A short time after US forces reached Korea the Military Government's medical advisors tried to place a ban on the practice of Chinese medicine. Chinese doctors use poultices and herbs to cure and alleviate pain and I am not well enough informed to know if it is all humbug or actually does some good. But this I know, countless Koreans think that it does, since they and their ancestors have patronized Chinese doctors for a thousand years. Wiser heads in Military Government vetoed the plan to ban Chinese medicine overnight but they agreed to a compromise; licensed doctors might continue to practice but no new licenses were to be granted.

The compromise pleased Lee Jai Hie scarcely more than the original proposal since he not only practiced but also ran an apprentice school of Chinese medicine, and the fees he received from the half-dozen or more students who lived in his home while he taught them skill in his profession were the most lucrative part of his income.

Lee Jai Hie was not a man of violence. It was beneath his dignity to dirty his hands in physical combat. He struck no blows during the Hwa Hwan rebellion. But he helped plan it in advance and was at the police box during the attack directing activities. After the police were out of the way he presided as chief magistrate over the Hwa Hwan "people's court," and he ordered the arrest of Park Kil Young, the leading Christian and richest resident of the township. But when the mob making the arrest went further than he directed and instead of bringing Park Kil Young before the "court," dragged him in a parade of triumph through the streets, breaking his limbs and tearing his clothes from his body, Lee Jai Hie rushed out, stopped the torture and put the Christian in a cell at the police box for safe keeping.

★

NO KOREAN whom I prosecuted was sorry for what he had done, but they were all in a huff. They were disappointed because the rebellion failed, scared because they were American prisoners and angry with the Russians. They claimed that the rebellion collapsed because the Russians failed to supply the support from north of the thirty-eighth parallel which Soviet agents promised when they urged them to rebel. Neither through diplomatic channels nor by hiring counsel for their defense did the Soviets put forth any effort to save their Korean stooges.

Chong Soo Young, a well educated young Korean, who worked for US counter-intelligence and who in line of duty hobnobbed with top flight native Communists, said that the Soviets had a reason for this. He claimed that since the insurrection had failed the Russians wanted the Americans to hang a few participants to create a group of martyrs, around whose names they might rally the masses the next time they moved to take over South Korea. If that were their aim it came to naught because after due deliberation in the interest of internal harmony General MacArthur reduced all death sentences to life imprisonment.

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Drunk on Dogma

IF YOU WILL be patient, I will try to thread some incidents into a pattern.

I spoke, sometime ago, to a meeting of Socialists. They were engaged in trying to relate their dogma to the current tides of life. Socialism in the United States has always seemed to me an exercise in monasticism, though I am aware of its European antecedents, and of the facts of our life which nourished it. There is no radicalism in life at whose birth economic evil was not midwife. We in the United States, and not Karl Marx, made Eugene V. Debs a Socialist.

And it is true, moreover, that as Justice Holmes observed in 1913, "When twenty years ago a vague terror went over the earth and the word socialism began to be heard, I thought and still think that fear was translated into doctrines that had no proper place in the Constitution or the common law."

A man at the meeting who was a foreign correspondent and had lived in the Middle East for years was annoyed by remarks about Standard Oil. He told me what Standard Oil had done to raise levels of living for men who were its laborers. He was amused and angered at the easy opposition: "We want neither the Kremlin nor Standard Oil." For him dogma had receded in the environment of facts. He had slowly learned that those who live by dogma are fanatics.

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THIS is the second incident: For some criticism of President Truman, I was rebuked at a public meeting by a labor leader. He had been, since its incepton, an advisor to ECA. Once upon a time, like my foreign correspondent, he had been a Socialist. The constant presence of European poverty, of trade unions destroyed, trade unions impotent—made drunk on ideology—the low productivity of Europe's factories, the close menace of Communism, in these things and the wonder and worth of ECA, his Socialism had been dissolved. So that now he resented my criticism. He had been stunned, in the world of facts, by power, the greatness and salutary strength of our own country. His rebuking me was a conditioned reflex, the attack of a man whose spirit was made sore by the criticism of Europeans, by the ignorance and the insolent calculation of our Republicans. It was understandable. But what impressed me was the change of a mind.

About six months ago, a friend of mine was asked by the State Department if he would establish and head a labor college in the Middle East. Many men whom I know have become labor attachés for our State Department, in many parts of the world. Some of them were once Socialists—given over fiercely with the rage only the dedicated can possess, to the belief that America was hopelessly class-stratified. Their hopes were full of the Utopias which the defeated vengefully plan.

But those who are not clearly psychotic, do not carry grievances in their baggage all their lives. Those who are honest fling away doctrine when there is no longer need for it. And this, not only because trade unions have changed the face of American capitalism, but because—except in the malevolent mind of Senator McCarthy—our State Department has never, in its entire history, been so flooded with the mental audacity which imagination brings.

Though the Tafts and the Tabers, the Martins and the Wherrys who now attack a dream they call our "stupid foreign policy" opposed it, our State Department, our Administration rescued a broken Britain with the loan of 1945. Congress, orating in the face of disaster, took seven months to ratify the agreement. The Tafts accused the Administration of aiding "Socialism."

By 1947 Britain was in straits again, Communism breathed over France and Italy with close, mephitic breath. Mr. Dean Acheson, then Under Secretary of State, made the announcement that the United States must give economic aid to Europe. Here was the germ of the Marshall Plan. It will be recorded as one of the most unsordid and imaginative acts in the history of any country. One dare not contemplate the condition of Europe today in the absence of the Marshall Plan. Only the Tafts and the Wherrys attacked a suggestion which was the object of assault by Stalin. The reasons were different, but the purpose was the same. This is the record in respect to the Plan of which Secretary Marshall said: "Our policy is directed against hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of a working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist."

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IT IS almost literally true that Senator Taft would have made Communism a fact in Europe—save that the attack on Czechoslovakia brought him to a position he, otherwise, lacked the insight or understanding to espouse. This man, who has supported Senator McCarthy, who has shown no appreciation of foreign affairs through his entire career, who charges, as if it were true, the present Administration with "Communism"—this man can never share in the tribute Winston Churchill paid us: "The new world with all its power and might, stepped forth to the rescue and liberation of the old."

In the Middle Ages the Tafts would have worn sackcloth and ashes, and made penitent and weeping pilgrimages. But he exalts himself and his purblind colleagues, as if they were holy men with a special vision of truth. They cry accusations against the Administration which belong to themselves. Many years ago a woman who was suffering from hysteria hurled mad charges against me. It took me much time to discover that what she said of

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me she, alone, was guilty of. It was not an experience I would recommend; but it helped in the understanding of many things.

The ECA has now put forward a productivity plan which is being inaugurated in Italy. It draws from me the tribute which imagination always merits.

One of the things which startled the trade union people who have worked in Europe is the lack of efficiency in manufacturing. In consequence, European productivity has been low. This is largely the fault of European manufacturers, but it must be said that the factory workers are not without their share of responsibility. Obviously this fact of low productivity has been costly to Europe and to us.

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WHAT is now proposed is that ECA take over an Italian textile plant and run it as a model plant. Europeans must see what otherwise they are unwilling to try for themselves—an efficiently run factory doubling production. The manufacturer must be shown what, long ago, our manufacturers discovered, that mass production means more markets and a spread of wealth. The workers—even the trade union leaders—must be shown that better working conditions do not flow from ideology. They must be shown that better wages come from increased productivity.

A special kind of greed on the part of European owners and managers will be—could be—successfully attacked. The need for Europe's unions to function as unions, and not as weary politicos, can be shown to them.

For the fact is that too many of Europe's unions are as unfamiliar with collective bargaining as is a child. They have refused to listen to Americans, they have refused to become acquainted with facts. They have lived in a world of drugs: the drug of the "evil" of something called American capitalism; the drug that our American unions are "politically backward," the drug that the American worker is "exploited," the drug of "nationalization," the drug of "class collaboration."

Every American labor leader I knew who has been to Europe in the last five years has told me that even the English do not understand what trade unionism is all about. And the drugs I have listed above are some of the reasons why. They have supported themselves on slogans of myth, on doctrine and on dogma—they have thought politically and not economically.

To engage, as many of our unions have done, in joint efforts to produce efficiently, as well as humanely, is "class collaboration." If the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union had remained on that drug, in the United States, there would long since have been neither unions nor shops. "Sidney Hillman and the Amalgamated," writes George Soule, in his biography of that labor leader, "were pioneers in bringing the point of view of the engineer and that of the worker together, so that industry could get the advantage of production standards without doing an injustice to the man on the job."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, in *Tailor's Progress*, a history of the ILGWU, writes: "The employers, in fact, are accustomed to look to the union for technical and even business information about their own trade." Of the work of the engineering department of that union he gives this example: "The manager of a midwestern local union complained that the workers in a big shop were unable to earn decent wages, though they were skilled and the piece rates were fair. He couldn't figure out what was wrong. After a brief survey the department discovered that the work in the plant was so poorly routed that 20 per cent of the time was wasted. The employer was no less grateful for the discovery than was his employees."

If you are drunk on dogma you regard this kind of thing as collaborating with "the bosses." The result of the dogma is a kind of economic masochism.

But the ECA experiment—obviously opposed by the Communists—with the aid of American businessmen and labor men, might change all that in Europe. It will not happen tomorrow at noon—and Senator Taft may shut off ECA appropriations.

If Europe's productive system were as efficient as our own, it has been estimated that she could produce three times as much as she produced now. Obviously the effects on Europe's living standards would be almost incalculable. Obviously the effect on the Communist advance in France and Italy would be great.

This experiment in Italy is a work of great imagination. Like all the work of ECA it increases our respect for the foreign policy of the Truman Administration. It is, as I started out to say, a triumph of men amenable to facts. For it is worse to be drunk on dogmas than on anything else that I can think of. For then you can make a Skid Row of all the world.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

A Correction

WE REGRET that a misleading typographical error appeared in Frederick E. Flynn's article, "Church, State and the Person," in the August 17 issue.

At the bottom of the second column appears the mysterious sentence: "In the ecclesiastical order 'duly constituted authority' may occasionally refer to an appointee (a federal judge, for instance), but ultimately refers to a person freely chosen by the people themselves (or at least freely approved of, as when a ruler is an hereditary monarch.)" A line was dropped. The reading should be: "In the *ecclesiastical* order 'duly constituted authority' always refers to an appointee from above. In the *civil* order 'duly constituted authority' may occasionally refer to an appointee (a federal judge, for instance), but ultimately refers," etc.

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The Screen

BUT WHAT PLACE?

NO DOUBT, now that *An American Tragedy* is turning up again on the screen, the arguments will start all over again as to whether its central character is a victim of environment and circumstance or whether he is just a very weak young man whose weakness would have led to the same tragic end regardless of surroundings. In his exceedingly lengthy novel, Theodore Dreiser doesn't really answer this question, although he does report well and with objective realism the painful story of a young man who hated his poor and gauche background so strongly that he planned to murder the girl who kept him from rising at the very moment when another girl offered him a more rosy and glamorous future and loved him.

The new film version of this story, called *"A Place in the Sun,"* doesn't come up with any answer to the question either; but it certainly is the best production of this famous novel ever to appear on stage or screen. Producer-director George Stevens handles the grim plot with an appropriate tone of impending tragedy; even in the picture's lighter moments, of which there are few, there is always a suggestion of nothing-good-will-come-of-this, and events keep piling up one after the other to lead to unhappy ending.

The script, written by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, has tampered with the Dreiser story very little; the time is now in the present, the characters' names are changed, but the main themes are the same. George Stevens presents them with little editorializing: this is the story of George Eastman, who comes to town to work in the large mill owned by his wealthy uncle; his relatives more or less snub him; because he's an Eastman he cannot associate with the mill hands; he becomes friendly with one of the factory girls—too friendly. And about the time she announces she is pregnant, he falls in love with the daughter of one of his uncle's rich friends. What surprises him about this romance is that the rich girl really loves him. His dreams are smashed when the factory girl insists that he marry her. He plans to take her out in a boat and drown her, and later after her accidental drowning, he pays for the murder that was in his heart but which he did not carry out.

Montgomery Clift gives a magnificent performance in this lead role and it is not his fault that the picture is not entirely successful. There are times when we feel sympathetic toward George Eastman, but there are times when we fell aloof from him, when we coldly watch him as he is misled by his false standards and we can only disapprove of his weaknesses. It is to the credit of Clift's fine portrayal that he does not try to sell us on George; but as the picture goes on and on for some two hours with its muted tone of foreboding gloom, we are inclined to get restless and long for a few stronger characters to sink all this interest in. The girls are also very well portrayed: Shelley Winters, looking plain almost drab, makes the factory girl a pitiful figure; and Elizabeth Taylor, looking more beautifully radiant than ever, gives her finest performance as the wealthy socialite who never quite understands what she is doing to George but whose love for the young man is genuine.

The supporting cast and sets in "A Place in the Sun" are good throughout. In fact, except for its protracted note of heaviness, this film is an outstanding example of film making. It is expertly cut and edited with scene after scene contrasting the world of reality for George with the glittering promise of things that could have been his under other circumstances. Stevens uses the music and off-stage sound extremely well. And several of the episodes add up to first-rate cinema: the scene in the doctor's office where the factory girl goes hoping she will not have to have her baby but being told by the doctor that he will only help her be a healthy mother; the painfully suspenseful drowning scene; the trial scene in which George looks so small and crushed; the moving scene at the finale after he is condemned and the rich girl comes to see him and they make their touching farewells: "It seems like we spend the best part of our time saying goodbye." You may wonder, when "A Place in the Sun" comes to its sad end, just what the picture is trying to say. George himself says: "I don't think I learned very much." He doesn't comment on the false standards of money happiness in United States; but perhaps this is one honestly-made movie about whose central character you can think: "There but for the grace of God."

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THE HERO of *"Iron Man"* gets so mad at his opponents in the prize-fighting ring that he nearly kills them. And the crowd comes not to cheer this man who becomes champ but to boo him. I'm not exactly sure why this man fights so viciously for his life every time he's in the ring, but it's all mixed up with psychology, and the point of the story is to show how this man eventually grows and then doesn't fight so dirty any more. He then loses a big fight—and the crowd cheers him. And then he and his estranged wife are reunited. While seeing this picture I found it rather interesting. But now I can't figure out why. Jeff Chandler is convincing in the role of the coal miner who becomes a fighter when spurred on by his brother (Stephen McNally) and Evelyn Keyes is quite attractive as his wife who tells most of the sad tale. The plot, stemming from a story by W. R. Burnett, never drags and never really allows us a chance to figure out the implications behind the surface narration. In fact I was never sure if I was supposed to be on the side of the hero-fighter or to boo with the crowd. In any case, the film is not dull, and fight enthusiasts might even cheer—or boo.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Of Note

Humani Generis

THE MOST recent issue of *Theological Studies* (Woodstock, Maryland) carries an article by Gustave Weigel, S.J. which gives the historical background of the encyclical *Humani Generis*. Here are Father Weigel's concluding paragraphs.

> There can be no doubt that when existentialism meets Catholic doctrine there will be a "new" theology. This will not escape the vision of those involved in the encounter. However, if they be zealous apostles of Catholicism, their zeal may make them willing to risk the dangers of an existentialist reconstruction in order to reach more effectively the human beings engulfed in an existentialist environment. They will justify their risk on the principle that the apostolate demands an irenic approach to the neighbor. The philosophic wall that Catholics erect around themselves only keeps non-Catholics out of the Church. Let it, therefore, come down. Let us speak the language of our time. Catholicism is urgently apostolic, and the apostle must speak before the altar of the unknown God on the pagan heights of the Areopagus. We must go in through the neighbor's door, if we wish him to come out our own.
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> Such a justification for running the risk of putting new wine in old bottles is not altogether unreasonable. On the other hand, it is not altogether valid. Yet it is better than the action of others who proceed without having their eyes open. In all philosophies there are positions which deal with problems faced by other philosophies. The doctrines of the different philosophies may be superficially similar. In existentialism there are affirmations which are also made in perennial Christian philosophy, but the total structures and the dynamisms are divergent. Yet by reason of certain common insistences in two philosophies, it is possible that the circumambient pressure of a popular philosophy will induce the thinker to find it in his own, and quite different philosophy. This man in good faith will propose as genuine propositions of an accepted philosophy theses that are unwittingly derived from an alien vision. Such a man will think that he is being true to his own system even when he is proposing doctrines quite at variance with it. He is unwittingly destroying in an attempted process of reconstruction.
>
> All these factors enter into the background of the Encyclical, *Humani generis*. Without taking them into account, the document will not be properly understood. As a final observation it will not be irrelevant to remind all that the example of the pontifical pronouncement is worth following. No individuals are to be attacked. No one is to be accused of having taught what by inner dynamism would have been the final and logical upshot of so much thinking in the movement. The men engaged in it were and are sterling Catholics. The best proof of it is that not one has left the Church and not one has relinquished his Catholic mission of working on in theology, the science of the real as illuminated by faith.

Christian in the World

THE current issue of *Orate Fratres* (Collegeville, Minnesota) carries Father H. A. Reinhold's regular column, which this month is the substance of an address he gave at St. John's University commencement exercises. This is a sizable extract.

> We cannot escape into the past or just pray and hope for a new Aquinas to gather up the dangling ends and to tie them into a beautiful bow on humanity's neck. Since many of these bewildering objects flitting before our eyes are facts, great and in themselves beautiful facts, and not the work of Satan's delusions, we are not even allowed to run away from them, but we must face them. We must learn to see them in the same light as we have painfully learned, or tried to learn, other facts: e.g., that there are no lasting, Christian sacral empires in which Christianity can build its eternal house. The medieval idea of sacred empire was as real as a dream only. We must learn that this is also true for the intellectual place, the political place, the moral, the social and the cultural place of Christianity. "Strangers and exiles" St. Peter calls the first Christians in his first Epistle (2:11). It is surprising that we as Christians are so unaware of the fleetingness of all our Savior did: He healed men and resurrected them, but they had to die. He fed them to become hungry again. He walked among them only to leave them. He rose from the dead to disappear in His ascension. He wandered about instead of founding a school. As the first passover in Egypt, so was its fulness and truth, a "passing of the Lord. . . ."
>
> The ordinary way out of this is to settle down in one's niche and to hew along one's row. As long as you can plow black dirt, pour steel into forms, cash checks for news stories printed on paper made of wood pulp; as long as you can dance on Saturday nights, love and get married, cast your vote in elections and watch the football game on a brisk October afternoon, it is the sun that rises and sets, in spite of Columbus and Galileo. As long as I can go to my parish church, to monthly Communion and give to Cancer Drives, all things are fine—and let the artists jump from tenth story windows, because first they looked too deeply into mysteries and then they had to drown their misery by looking too

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deeply into glasses. One can get along like this for many years—until a crisis comes, world-wide or personal. But the hard-put common run of people will probably survive and no metaphysical eruptions will blast their world.

The second group, an intellectual group, are the ones that fly to the rock of Peter and perch on it chattering. To them the Church, the catechism, the radio replies, the ready and pat answers, or rather the fact that there are people who think they have them, are the refuge. As Athena came fully armed out of the head of her father Zeus, so the Church, problemless, with no questions unanswered, was ready with Peter, leaving the following generations nothing to do but to trim here and there, memorize eternal truths and change the vocabulary as times changed. The witty and sparkling intellectual, tired of searching, joins this respectable, ancient and intellectually rich Church and brings as a welcome dowry his own wit, talent and surface self-assurance. Escape to safety from the unpleasantness of groping and search! Live an ordered, respectable life, not without discipline and sacrifice, and the reward is peace! But is that the peace Jesus speaks of? Or is it a smug peace anticipating the hereafter? It is the kind of thing Cardinal Newman had to face in his life, while he slaved and labored for new and more subtle certainties. The rock is Peter, his faith, his office. He is the foundation, but the building goes on, unless you believe you can live in a foundation.

What, then, is left? Our way, if we are fully Christian in intention, is to bear the Cross and to follow Christ. To be patient and courageous, not in ourselves, but in Him. To face, not halfway, not turning back, but to face toward the year 1952. Not to divide the world into the elect who either have the answers, or at least know the Pope has, and the sots who are foolish enough not to be so sure. To know that fascist and communist, capitalist and socialist, Hindu and American, leaders and masses, are all in the same boat—the earth. That 2,000 years ago Jesus started something that did not reach its climax in the thirteenth century, that did not go wrong in the sixteenth century, and that must face what is true in nuclear physics and psychoanalysis, as it tried to face the Arab threat with hylo-morphism and Aristotelian dialectics. The greatest sin of our age is impatience and its child is the shortcut—in politics, in economics—and in Reno. Whether we bring salvation depends on our endurance and the readiness to accept the fact that we are cross-bearing pilgrims. Let not the clear definitions of dogma, the concise commands of Christian ethics, the stately beauty of our liturgy and the imposing structure of our centrally administered Church create the impression that we have the promise of no uncertainties, no problems and no open ends to be faced.

The Old Reductio ad Obscenum

By FRANK GETLEIN

FOR the nominal neo-Thomist who is more or less professionally concerned with literature—as critic, as teacher, as reviewer for the Catholic press—one of the few distressing things about the old Thomism is that it left no theory of literature. There is no handy scholastic yardstick against which to cast the literary works of the moment, those which have not been safely categorized by the past.

To make matters worse, even Aristotle, the well-known pre-Thomist Thomist, has hardly done better by the modern practitioner. His theory of comedy is completely lost, and while the modern practitioner rarely takes comedy seriously anyhow, still it is felt that the missing manuscript might have provided some incidental remarks on literature itself.

The theory of tragedy survives, but it is difficult. It requires familiarity with a body of dramatic literature which nobody reads any more and which, on examination, turns out to be embarrassingly full of sexual aberrations. Moreover, while it's simple enough to apply the Aristotelian yardstick and conclude that, say, "Death of a Salesman" is worthless because Willy Loman is only a commercial traveler instead of a king, there remain the modern novel and modern poetry, which have to be condemned somehow.

There remains the Aristotelian Rhetoric, of course, and at seven or eight removes, that does get used. But the suspicion is inevitable that there is another kind of literature from that of "persuasion"; otherwise, why would Aristotle have written a Poetic at all?

★

IN LIEU of any received doctrine, the Catholic literary man drifts into a conception of his work much closer to government beef inspection than to literary criticism. In the listings maintained by some Catholic papers novels don't even get the detailed classification that a government beef inspector gives his work: Prime, Choice, Commercial. The literary beef inspector classifies only the degree of disease to be found in the product, making the assumption that almost all the work with which he must deal is diseased, and that the presence of the disease is fatal for the work as literature. The basic assumption is that the disease consists in the recognition of sex as an existing fact in the human condition.

Such an attitude toward literature produces some curious things. A few months ago the ladies of a midwestern devotional group descended on the news stands of their native city with a view to eliminating literary indecency in the downtown area. No doubt they had been

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inflamed by the kind of criticism noted above; their targets included a number of excellent modern novels and short story collections, done in tasteless, perhaps, but nevertheless available twenty-five cent editions. The city prosecutor, determined not to let this happen to his district, or possibly in the pay of the Union News Company, promptly started an action against a number of classics in the public library, *Tom Jones, Gargantua and Pantagruel* and the like, thus reviving an old fallacy of Mencken's: the *Song of Solomon* is in the Bible, therefore there's no such thing as pornography. The ladies allowed the fallacy to stand as perfect reasoning and made the ingenious reply that pornography in the classics doesn't matter because no one reads the classics. Pure pragmatism.

The protection of the youth from sexual corruption by literature, would seem to be the principal conscious motivation for the view that literature is dangerous, suspect, and guilty until proven innocent. The over-quoted reply that no maidenhead has ever been lost to paper and ink is not really an answer. As a matter of fact, in a sense, some probably have been so lost. The fable of the ruler whose son's death by a lion was prophesied is much more pertinent. Lions were banished from the kingdom and the young prince grew up a protected prisoner even by the standards of royal personages. At a critical age, fretted by his captivity, the prince seized a stick to beat the picture of a lion, the cause of his sheltered life. The stick had a thorn; the boy died.

For the anti-literary, the fabulist draws his moral: the ways of sexual corruption are many and not the most desirable is the puritanical.

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IN CONSIDERING the relationship between sexual corruption of the youth and literature, it should be noted that one of the definite, although secondary, values of literature is as a kind of rehearsal for the trials of life on earth. Take, for example, one of the most brilliant, and at the same time one of the "raciest," novels of contemporary English literature, *Point Counter Point,* written before Huxley went to pot on religion. Man's capacity for self-deception is immense, but it should be more difficult for the youth to fob off his own lust as high romantic living if he is familiar with the affair of Walter Bidlake and Lucy Tantamount.

Or again, a book which, for some curious reason, is the *bête noire* of so many Catholic English departments and book lecturers, the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy. Farrell's prose is so very difficult that, had he not happened along at the proletarian moment in American criticism, he would never have been granted his present importance. Certainly he had a number of genuine insights, but whether the view of the ruined temple is worth the sweaty battle through the syntactic undergrowth, depends on one's personal taste and patience. At any rate, the main line of the Catholic attack on Farrell is that he writes pornography. This is simply not true. Of deranged sexuality there is plenty in the Studs books, but far from being alluring and seductive, it makes sex much too repellent.

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When all this has been said, it can still be alleged that both the books just mentioned have actually been read as stimuli to adolescent lust. Undeniable. But it may also be maintained that a young person who is given honest literary training is less likely so to approach any piece of writing than is that one to whom all literature smells faintly of brimstone. The young man educated to art is certainly less perturbed by a marble or an oil nude than is the poor, side-glancing innocent who regards his own body with shame.

As François Mauriac and other conscientious writers have indicated, there is a real problem here; it would be foolish to pretend that the phrase above, "honest literary training," is magic and will solve the problem alone. But the phrase points toward a more Christian and more practicable solution than a distrust of literature as such. The flames of lust are not subdued by the flames of intellectual book-burning.

★

IF THE attitude toward literature sketched above still burns brightly in press and pulpit, on the Catholic campus it is an ember thickly covered with grey ash. It has been replaced.

One explanation may be that in the superficial raising of academic standards and the accompanying runaway inflation in academic degrees that have been going on for some years now, the need for Ph. D.'s in the college catalogue has become annually more acute. But the man in the English department responsible for locking up all fictional works published after 1900 could hardly read, or admit to having read, enough books to acquire the velvet bands and the gold tassel. Like an old soldier, he has therefore gradually faded away, sometimes, sometimes not, leaving behind the trace of his icy smile.

Whether his replacement is an improvement is hard to decide. The new man, at any rate, has read and permits the reading of more books than the old, and that's a good thing; but he has his debits, too.

St. Bonaventure once wrote a paper called "The Reduction of the Arts to Theology." The term "Arts" is used in a particular, medieval sense, and the content of the paper need not concern us here. The title does. For the new neo-Thomist in the English chair is more than willing to compromise his Thomism by embracing the Bonaventurian spirit of that title: The Reduction of the Arts to Theology.

In one sense, of course, such a reduction has always been a part of the Catholic literary scene, especially the reduction of literary art to moral theology. *Macbeth* demonstrates the sinfulness of undue ambition, regicide, mass murder and the belief in fortune-tellers. *Lear* teaches us to hold our tempers, *Othello* to trust our wives, or possibly to avoid mixed marriages.

The old reduction has been assimilated by the new and continues. But the new reduction can be dated. It would seem to be the single-handed, but certainly unintended product of an Anglican critic and writer of ghost stories, Arthur Machen. In 1923 Machen published a book of literary theory, *Hieroglyphics,* which has made him immortal in the Catholic college today. The book itself has been pretty much ignored; it has been out of print for years and is very hard to find. But one chapter has been inserted in an influential anthology, and one sentence has been lifted from that chapter and graven on the hearts of English teachers in Catholic schools. The sentence: "Literature is the expression, through the aesthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which in any way is out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature."

Needless to say, the business about the aesthetic medium of words has been given short shrift; so, for that matter, has the entire first clause, save in so far as it justifies the aphorization of Shakespeare. The stress of the new reduction movement is on the second half of the sentence. The erring author now is not merely denounced as filthy; it is syllogistically proved that his work is not literature at all.

★

AS THE title of Machen's book implies, the last thing in the world his theory would sanction is the reduction of great literature to little moral sayings. Literature, for him, was written in hieroglyphics. Its meaning by no means fell into the easily diagrammed sentences so necessary to theology, a science. Literature was ambiguous, shadowy, paradoxical. He made his statement because he perceived that literature and dogma are concerned with the same material: God, man, the world.

As we have said, the principal reduction that is being made in Machen's name is negative rather than positive. Machen's sentence is being used as a club against writers who are more or less consciously opposed to neo-Thomism. In operation, the system is simplicity itself. An author's works are cast into syllogistic form; the syllogism is refuted; the works are dismissed as not literature. This process by itself would have horrified Machen, and with good reason. It is ever so much worse when the author's premisses are drawn, not from his literary works, but from his prose statements, his prefaces, essays, interviews, from blunt, philosophic statements interpolated with the work itself.

The new reductionists aim, over their barricades, at such giants on the contemporary literary scene as Realism, Naturalism, Psychoanalysis. But these giants are like windmills, they do not exist at all.

The artistic mode of knowing is quite different from the philosophic. The important point about an artist's "philosophy" is not what he thinks but what he sees. And if he really sees as an artist, what he sees will inevitably be something that is given another, more abstract, expression in Catholic dogma. That is what Machen had in mind and what he makes most clear in the sentences following the present stopping-point of the reductionists.

There is hope, then, for literature in the Catholic college, for its servants will one day read the next paragraph. If they get to the end of the essay, there is high hope, for Machen concludes: "Art is by its very definition quite without the jurisdiction of the schools and the realm of the reasoning process, since art is a miracle, superior to the laws."

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The Naked, the Dead and the Novels

By WILLIAM PFAFF

WHEN YOU meet the pleasant middle-aged ladies who are friends of your family, they say "My, how the Army has changed you!" This is a tribute to weight and suntan. Times come, too, when young ladies say, with what you suspect is awe, how the Army has changed you. And then, of course, you clear your throat, and look away at the purple hills, as if you are running over in your mind the nameless horrors and unspoken braveries you have known.

And then there are the serious cases: men whose grown lives have been made up of war; and since that catastrophe, whose lives have been anti-climax. In *The Male Animal,* Nugent and Thurber tell of the football hero whose life passes its climax at 20. In a terrible way the same is true for these veterans.

Vladimir Peniakoff, a wartime officer of the British Eighth Army who operated a semi-autonomous raiding party and harassing force known as "Popski's Private Army" says in his recent book "Only to the fools among the men of my generation will the realization come as a surprise that we liked war." I think that what he was saying was that a brave man needs something to give himself to—in his case it was war. It can be love, or politics, or sanctity.

He loved war. To other men, less resigned men, war was the monster which destroyed their vision and corrupted people they knew. In their novels, these men despaired because of the war, but they were obsessed by it. Almost all the American war novelists were in this group. Their work had a single theme. The war was their protagonist. As war, to them, was the antithesis of what it was to Peniakoff, their books and characters have a degree of sameness being moulded by the one force, always the same. Wilson, the ignorant, lust-consumed man in *The Naked and The Dead,* appears in almost all of the American war novels. He is the dead; an exhibit of Mailer's compassion for the doomed, and his compulsion to see the most depraved man to his end —because the depraved is still the man.

★

THE war novelist is hobbled by the fact that the war itself inevitably becomes the chief character. (Tragically appropriate in the writing of men who live in the 1920-51 years.) But I did not die in Italy, or make a futile patrol over central Pacific island mountains. The day before yesterday I walked to work each day down Madison Avenue. I bought the newspapers each morning from the same shop at Lexington and 76th. I fried my eggs on top of my bacon and I made strong coffee. I took taxis, and bought striped neckties, and indulged in drinks on Friday evenings with a pretty friend. My life was not manhandled, I was not stripped,

Just published—

NATURAL THEOLOGY

GERARD SMITH, S.J.

Professor and Director, Department of Philosophy, Marquette University

Possessing a directness and simplicity of style that cause basic insights in the reader, this book strives to generate in the student the same kind of thinking as Aristotle's and St. Thomas'. The author tries to teach and not merely report what others have taught. He states in his introduction that he has written this book to achieve a demonstration of the existence and nature of God. *Published September 4. A VOLUME IN THE CHRISTIAN WISDOM SERIES.*

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This ethics text is an exposition of a philosophy of moral life which finds its roots in the thought of St. Thomas. It is the result of more than twenty years of college teaching and is written in the style of a modern textbook and not in the rigid thesis formula. Part I introduces the student to the general theory of ethical science. Part II applies the theory to the chief typical problems of moral life. *Published September 4. A VOLUME IN THE CHRISTIAN WISDOM SERIES.*

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Those now doing counseling or those who wish to counsel will welcome this practical book which treats of ways to further reasonable living. It is the first in the field to relate counseling with the Catholic moral and spiritual viewpoint. The author gives excerpts from actual counseling interviews and offers many practical suggestions for the improvement of counseling. *Ready in the Fall.*

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and I did not make a career of the simple, stupid, fumbling act of stuffing greasy cartridges into BAR magazines and handing them to a sweating gunner. What of me? My tragedies took place at beer parties.

When men are in mortal danger, exhausted, suffering enormous discomfort and occupied only with killing others, the writer is likely to hit emotional bed-rock. When he reaches that level then the reader registers. In the case of a war novel he either says "God, yes, that is what it was like," or he knows from his own non-war encounters with shadows of death and physical horror that that is what it must have been like. This naturalistic mine, though, while rich and a great deal more suggestive of essential values than it is usually credited with being, is not too difficult to work. A tape recorder could conceivably do a passable job.

The greater test of the writer is his ability to deal with the way people meet and, in the inevitable working out of what they are, how they cause the destruction as well as the agonies of maturation in others. Two books by men whose literary careers have taken place since the war go into remarkably similar investigations of this subject.

★

THE theme of *Intermission,* (Viking, $3.00) the first novel of Calvin Tomkins, a young Princeton graduate, has to do with the effect of the hunger for love, for personal relationship, for "an impossible intimacy" of a beautiful, mature woman on three younger men: her disintegrating husband and a pair of brothers who are his friends. With cool, idiomatic prose (the speech of the East and Ivy League—I suppose that might be termed an idiom) the author tells the story in the person of Jay.

Jay was just old enough to have spent a brief time in the Army as an ASTP student. In the course of his friendship with Camilla, the mistress and later the wife of Roger Faxon, he presumably comes to a greater knowledge of himself and life. He *does* come to understand his older brother Elliot. And Elliot is an extremely well-developed figure: an ex-paratrooper, stubborn, essentially conservative, bearing the small massacres of marriage and society in Montclair, New Jersey, becoming with the certainty of winter and cold feet an intelligent, suburban executive—his is not a reprehensible end, but it is not an exciting one. Jay is headed for bigger things than his brother. At least I think he is, and he thinks he is. But you might check back with both of us, and Mr. Tomkins, too, in about ten years.

This book's inadequacy lies in what is most successful in the second, Robin Maugham's *The Rough and the Smooth*. *Intermission's* physical plot is clear enough, but the emotional plot, the changes and meanings that Mr. Tomkins wants to put over, is not well managed. All the characters live, but while they may know where they're going, I don't. Underground explosives are so muffled that the reader can barely make them out. The success the book has is in the fact that it is a well-done *story* about interesting people. But what these people do to one another is never adequately explained.

The Rough and the Smooth (Harcourt, Brace. $3.) has a plot like an Edwardian garden. Robin Maugham shares his uncle Somerset's talent for telling stories that develop like a half-hour radio drama. The theme is remarkably like that of *Intermission*. A young London attorney, political hopeful and war veteran, becomes involved with a beautiful, corrupt girl. The conclusion leaves him, too, wiser, and burdened with knowing his own hypocrisy, his own failure to make an honorable decision throughout the whole affair. And Pat, the girl, is for that, perhaps less a wrongdoer than he.

Maugham's work since the war has been notable for its direct clear style. He has seemed not at all interested in writing a war book. The war seemed secondary—just something that happened to a lot of people a few years ago which has left a bit of scar on some. His recurrent concern has been with human relations. This book, coming after the glossy good intentions of his other post-war books, is very rewarding. Maugham is very smooth and very serious. He is not being clever here, he is talking about good and evil, honor and suicide, the varieties of corruption. Slickness, plottiness, still occasionally intrude. Characters have no life outside their courses of action; that is to say the reader has no peripheral understanding of any of the characters.

But the book is a good one: vivid (pocket reprint houses will be gratified to learn there are a number of extraordinarily graphic love scenes) and thoughtful. Maugham is getting his hands on bigger and bigger themes. He does not handle them with the complexity and thoroughness that the American post-war reader has come to expect of his own writers, and, Anglo-American *de gustibus* notwithstanding, that is an inadequacy. But he's good.

So here are two books which have left the issue of the great event which wracked all of us, and have turned instead to why you and I torture one another with our love and our ambition. That, perhaps it should be said, is more properly the place for novelists to hunt out their themes. That is where they did go for them once upon a happy time ago. But the sun has gone down, or someplace, and objects have grotesque shapes in this half-light, so perhaps novels, like ourselves, are doomed to love and hope in the light of the fireworks.

An Appeal

FOR the past eight years the Benedictine nuns of Cassino have been living on the outskirts of Rome in a villa which is too small for them to be cloistered or to accept postulants. Their lease will expire shortly and will not be renewed at a rate they can afford, so, added to their longing to return to the geographical center of Western monasticism, they have the problem of finding shelter. This of course would best be solved by the rebuilding of their original house at Monte Cassino. Contributions may be sent to Donna Assunta Cocchiara, O.S.B., via Laurentina 36, Rome.

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Books

Behind the Masque. Urban Nagle, O.P. *McMullen.* $3.50

SOME books are a joy to read and a joy to review. A few are even a joy to write. This one fits all three categories with grace and distinction.

Nothing quite so enchanting has come along since Bruce Marshall first turned out *Father Malachy's Miracle.* Yet you have to remind yourself constantly that this is not fiction. This is the true record of what happened when the Dominican friars, the Rev. Urban Nagle, and the Rev. Thomas Fabian Carey, set out to invade Broadway.

For many years now the Blackfriars Theatre in West 57th Street has been a regular point of call for most of the New York critics. In a quiet way it has been doing for the theatre in this country just what Ghéon did for the theatre of France. Or, to be even more realistic, it comes quite close to achieving the standards set by the Abbey in Dublin. Yet it is neither a nationalistic theatre nor a liturgical theatre. It is a theatre of the spirit, using techniques and materials within the reach of the average actor and the average audience. And when it can't find the plays it wants, Father Nagle sits down and writes them—witness the deserved success of his *Lady of Fatima* and *City of Kings.*

Like all good producers, Father Carey and Father Nagle learned the business the hard way. They did not set up shop on Broadway and win acclaim over night. They did their share of work in the tributary theatre: college teaching, parish theatre, summer stock. They had a large part in the development of the Catholic Theatre Conference, which they helped to organize in Chicago in 1937 with the late Father George Dineen, S.J. And today, as in 1937, they see the work of Blackfriars in relation to the work of other producing groups throughout the country. They integrate everything they do with the service bureau of the Conference, now functioning at 22 Park Place, New York. The result is the realization of a long cherished dream: a theatre which is not confined to one street in one town.

Everyone who ever painted a flat or wrestled with a licensing commissioner will love this book. The joy of living is here on a grand scale. These are truly the good companions of the contemporary theatre.

It is true, sad to relate, that the good companions have been having their difficulties with Actors Equity and the theatre unions. Unable to operate as a union house on union scale, Blackfriars have had to function as best they could. This has been very good indeed, considering their slender resources, but they have been in a theatrical "no man's land" so far as Equity is concerned.

Write it off as a paradox of the times that an organization like Blackfriars should ever be "blacklisted" by the theatre unions. It doesn't take much vision to see that the Dominicans are not making a fortune on 57th Street. They are merely breathing life into the theatre.

As a matter of fact, you might call the whole enterprise The Miracle on 57th Street.

EMMET LAVERY.

Many Are Called: Forty-Two Short Stories. Edward Newhouse. William Sloane Associates. $3.75.

THERE is nothing fuzzy-wuzzy about Mr. Edward Newhouse, who has a nice sense of direct narrative prose, the meaning of which is perfectly clear and does not demand of the reader a talent for guessing or a penchant for novelty. This is not to say that Mr. Newhouse is old-fashioned or that he resembles Maupassant or Somerset Maugham. The originality of this author is all his own; he is blessed with the gift of being natural at all times. Indifferent to mere vogues, he gives you the sense of truth and verisimilitude. To be sure, in common with modern writing practitioners, he has discarded plot and has little or no use for the sting in the tail. None the less, he doesn't ramble or indulge in the absurdly silly, not to say yellow-livered psychoses of which our ultra-up-to-date tale-tellers are so ardently fond. Whether describing the soldier abroad or the civilian at home, Mr. Newhouse is chiefly concerned, as any authentic tale-teller should be, with situation and character, the two stand-bys of good short-story writers from time immemorial.

Mr. Newhouse has other characteristics woefully lacking in the work of the prevalent fuzzy-wuzzy school: understanding and sympathy, above all a sense of humor. This is not to say that Mr. Newhouse is a great writer. But he is honest and sincere, and a competent craftsman, a rare combination in this day of deterioration of moral and literary values, of shameless stooping to obscene exhibitionism empty of meaning. He has a lucid, balanced mind, and his stories afford new knowledge that is the result of experience, and new entertainment that is the result of the workings of a craftsmanlike mind with a relish for distinguished prose.

JOHN COURNOS.

Baroque and Rococo in Latin America. Pál Kelemen. Macmillan $16.50.

THE Baroque is a peculiar European art epoch. Over-dramatic, overimaginative, and often inflated, it has never met with the approval of English-speaking peoples. Regrettably, its influence could not be checked for some time, but eventually English reserve and French good taste put a stop to the uncontrolled exuberance which ran rampant from Madrid to Naples to Vienna and to other German cities which are of no importance.

All the obvious faults of the Baroque were convincingly demonstra-

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ted some time ago. One group of critics made it especially clear that as far as religious art was concerned the Middle Ages was the great period. Modern Art, it was added, could recapture the lost spirit of that art by following the paths of artists such as Eric Gill and Rouault. As is to be expected, malicious rumors have since been circulated that certain of the enthusiasts of the Middle Ages would have trouble explaining their concept of that period, and that in practice they often confused thirteenth century Gothic architecture with one of the last forms of nineteenth century romanticism. Such accusations need only be mentioned to be proven picayune and false.

Now one more preposterous attempt has been made to redeem the Baroque. On the flimsy grounds that South America is a continent unique in its intermingling of artistic and religious symbolism, and on the grounds that the very number of churches, statues, paintings and art objects could only be explained by a phenomenal outburst of creative energies, this book has appeared.

Few readers will be deceived by the intent of the work, even though an eminent and gifted art critic has written a model preface to the problem of the Baroque in South America. However, knowing that the average reader does not stop to read prefaces, the bulk of the work has been insidiously filled with the most remarkable collection of photographs of South American art ever taken. Unable to argue the case of the Baroque in ideas, resort has been made to the senses, to the lower faculties. Yet even this attempt must fail, for all who know the beauty and nobility of the ever upward striving Gothic, the simple beauty of a New England steeple, the architectural glory of more sober art epochs, will not be moved by twisting, turning pillars, by immense façades, by dazzling porticoes. *The Baroque and Rococo in South America* may—no, it may be conceded *is,* the most beautiful art book to have come out this year. But it cannot change anything. The theatrical exaggeration of that period is too well known. Look at those photographs! SERGE HUGHES.

The Unquiet Night. Albrecht Goes. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

WHILE some of the best contemporary authors of Germany are still completely unknown in this country, this short novel by Albrecht Goes has been published with some fanfare . The author is a Protestant pastor from Württemberg who served as a chaplain with the German army. His simple story is just an autobiographical segment of this experience, the story of a young corporal who is to be shot for a minor offense which has been blown up by the authorities, though there would be ample mitigating circumstances for psychological understanding.

The story is told with a certain amount of sober matter - of - factness but the human tragedy of the condemned man and the farewell of two lovers are skilfully blended, creating a tender lyrical poetry in the midst of the grim atmosphere of total war.

This short chronicle is not a political story but a human one—the Nazi

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background is not that of racial persecution or imperialistic hybris but that of the ugly necessities of war and the pettiness of subaltern authorities. The split loyalties of an army chaplain who has to serve both the human individual and the army is brought to the fore in a convincing way.

MAX FISCHER.

The Tudor Books of Private Devotion. Helen C. White. University of Wisconsin Press. $4.75.

THOUGH this is primarily a book for the scholar, and more particularly the specialist in the Tudor period, it should have considerable interest for the student both of the religious changes of the sixteenth century and of the remarkable development of English prose style occurring at that time. Much of course has been written about both subjects, but they have never been treated before with the exactness and amplitude Miss White gives to them. She examines the medieval inheritance, the use of the Psalter and what was called the Primer, noting how it came to be translated from Latin into English and how, in English, it was used as an instrument of religious innovation, so that by skillful editing and excision many of the prayers that had been in popular use in Catholic England were made under Edward VI and Elizabeth to serve a definitely Protestant purpose.

I cannot quite agree with Miss White that this purpose had clearly appeared during the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII, for he remained Catholic in belief and sentiment to the end, but it is true that there were many powerful forces operating during those years to promote the Reformation, though almost always they were surreptitious in this case as in that of the vernacular Bible. This study is not only a work of high scholarship but, as rarely is true of such works, is very well written. To my ear, however, if I must be captious, the frequent use of the term "over-all" seems more appropriate to building contractors and politicians and perhaps stock-brokers than to a literary study of this kind. Nevertheless Helen C. White must be admitted to have performed a valuable service, one all the more valuable because of the unfailing temperateness of her tone.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Desert of Love. François Mauriac. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.

ALTHOUGH since 1912 twenty novels of François Mauriac have been published in his native France, only eight, beginning with *Therese* in 1928, have ever appeared in this country. *Therese* was reprinted in 1947, and it, *Woman of the Pharisees* which appeared the year before, *Viper's Tangle,* 1947, and *The Unknown Sea,* 1948, are the only ones not now out of print. It is good, then, that the house of Pellegrini & Cudahy is beginning with the present volume a program that in the coming years will bring, in the translation of Gerard Hopkins, all of Mauriac's novels to the American public. This is a long-term project since the publishers plan to issue two volumes yearly.

The Desert of Love was first published here in 1929. Quite simply, it is the story of Maria Cross of Bordeaux, widow and then mistress, and of the Courreges, father and son, both of whom in their different ways loved Maria, but neither of whom in his lifetime was to possess her. Doctor Courreges, bound by timidity and what he considered to be the limitations of his own nature, and his role of lover yielding to his role of physician, was able to live with her only in a world of desire. Raymond, on the other hand, after blundering in his first adolescent attempt, ever after sought revenge against her, and sank deep into a life of debauchery.

"The Courreges might have spent hours watching the slow unfolding of a chestnut bud without even beginning to understand the mystery of

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MACMILLAN

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the rising sap," Mauriac writes of his family. And that was the burden of the Courreges, that they did not understand. Neither father nor son, each entangled in an unrelieved passion with Maria Cross, understood Maria Cross, nor did father understand son, nor son father, nor Madame Courreges, fretful and busy about the servants, understand any of the three. Nor, for her part, did Maria Cross, sought after by father and son, understand either of them. The mystery of unfolding, of youth, of love, of life itself, remained a mystery to them.

Doctor Courreges was fifty-three and Raymond eighteen when Maria Cross entered their lives. For the doctor she was a temptation that out of his shyness he could not hope to touch, but could only see and covet. For Raymond she was a woman talked of secretly on the streets, a woman to be conquered, but when he came to her, a youth pawing at the air, disgusted by his advances, she put him out.

But if the burden of all of them was in not understanding, a further burden they bore was that none of them seems ever to have been visited by grace. If the Doctor's sin was one of desire, Raymond's of outright lust, and that of Maria Cross a weak-willed sloth, nowhere do they feel the hand of God upon them. But neither, then, do they make any effort to find it. If Doctor Courreges is saved from seducing Maria Cross, it is not because he has wanted to be saved. If Raymond throws his life away in cheap hallways, it is not because he has ever tried any other course. And for Maria Cross, her way was always the easiest way.

For the Courreges and for Maria Cross there was hardly a desire to fathom the meaning of life, to seek more in life than the sensual pleasures. But one is tempted to ask, did they not do the best they could with what they had? Is the flowing of grace begun from within, or is it visited upon us? Are we alone until, suddenly we are blinded by the light?

JOHN A. LYNCH.

• REVIEWERS •

EMMET LAVERY writes for the stage and screen. He is the author of *The First Legion* and *The Magnificent Yankee* and a founder of the Catholic Theatre Conference.

JOHN COURNOS is a regular reviewer for the New York *Times*, the *Herald Tribune* and other publications.

SERGE HUGHES teaches at St. John's University in Brooklyn.

MAX FISCHER is a journalist and teacher, now at the New School for Social Research.

THEODORE MAYNARD has written volumes of history, biography and poetry. His last book is *Through My Gift.*

JOHN A. LYNCH is a short story writer whose home is in Birmingham, Michigan.

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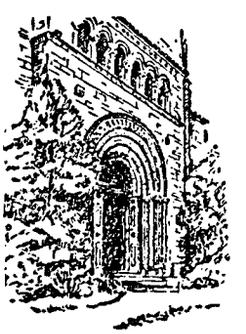

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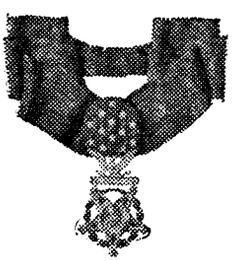
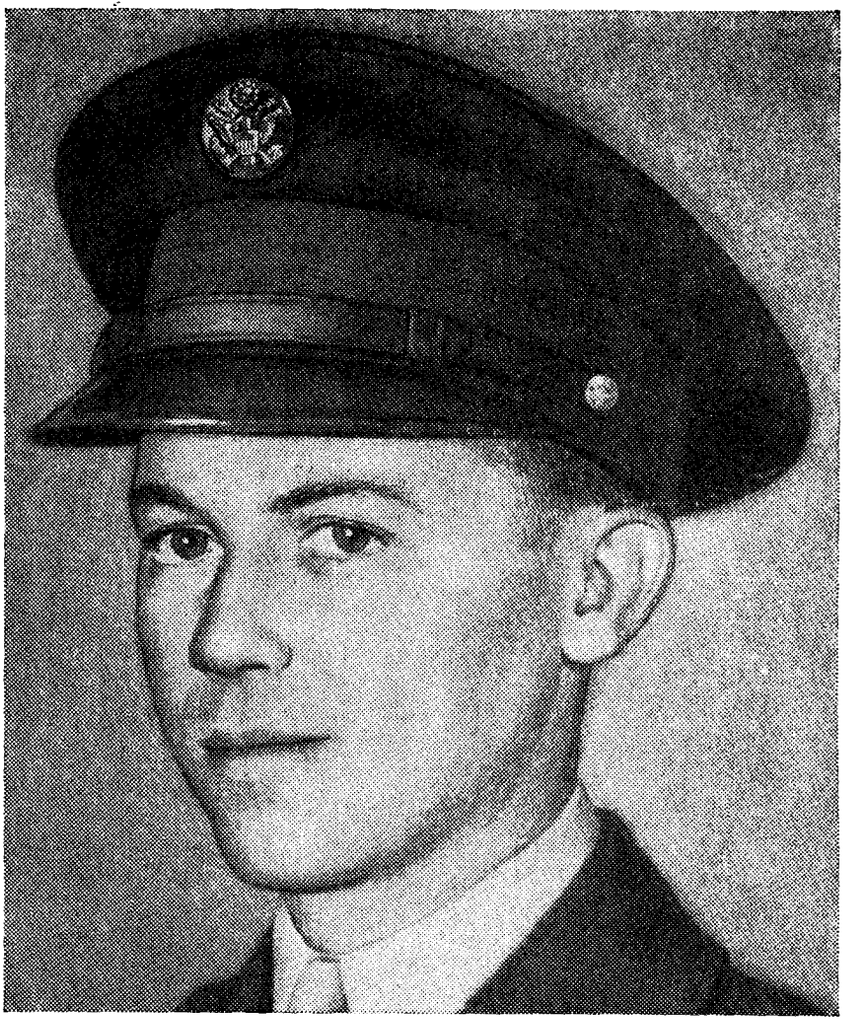
Medal of Honor





Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

Never forget the devotion of Melvin Brown!

Now, this very day, you can help make safer the land he served so far "above and beyond the call of duty." Whoever you are, wherever you are, you can begin buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds. For every time you buy a bond you're helping keep solid and stable and strong the country for which Private Brown gave everything he had.

And remember that *strength* for America can mean *peace* for America—so that boys like Melvin Brown may never have to fight again.

For the sake of Private Melvin Brown and all our servicemen—*for your own boy*—buy more United States Defense Bonds now. Defense is your job, too!

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every United States Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 years as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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